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despise the *bourgeois* feeling, and those who truckle to it. One of their number is excommunicated because he did not insult a grocer who exclaimed, "Your picture is a masterpiece; but I cannot buy it, for it is six inches too wide." Another is accused of selling for two hundred francs what he had previously asked a thousand for. In truth, however, all the really professional men are obliged to be tolerably condescending to the ignorance and indelicacy with which they have to deal, and revenge themselves when alone by pasquinade and satire."

This is a very correct representation of the state of affairs in Paris. As we are on the subject of modern art, a few more extracts may be interesting. The same writer says: "Many young French painters affect an originality in their manner which they have not in their mind. Would-be men of genius are nearly always lazy. They think this one of the most valuable privileges of their character. My friend Basil belonged to this class, except, perhaps, that he had more talent than the world gave him credit for. He lost himself by yielding, to a most ridiculous extent, to that absurd habit of some intellectual men of 'wanting inspiration.' They wait for inspiration sometimes all their lives, and it never comes. The real way is to go and fetch it. Basil did not choose to do so. On one occasion a friend procured him, partly out of charity, an order from the wife of a wealthy banker for a kind of thing in which he excelled—a couple of bouquets in water colours. The money was paid in advance three years ago, and the bouquets are not yet in bloom. He does not intend to defraud her, but 'he wants to produce something excellent.' He is waiting for inspiration. His friends tell him that this seems dishonest. He colours, bites his lip, and says, 'I will set about it,' in a deplorably desponding tone; but he has not put pencil to paper yet. He has no studio of his own, but goes now to one friend's place, now to the other—sometimes with, sometimes without, materials; but upon almost every occasion he thrusts his hands into his shock of hair, and sits down complaining that he has no ideas, no inspiration. As may be imagined, he is often in want of a dinner, and is compelled to sponge upon a friend. He went to one the other day, and in his heavy, lumbering way, said, 'I have got no money, and yet I must eat.'"

David is the original of all these students. He it was gave the tone to the *ateliers*; it was he made the artist a republican, an eccentric individual, with a broad-brimmed hat and moustaches. It was in his workshop that first appeared the Loustic and the Rapin, thus described:—"The Loustic is generally an artist-amateur, that is to say, his parents have property; they see him some day, when a child, take a piece of chalk or charcoal, and scratch the portrait of his father or his schoolmaster. This is enough. It is at once determined that a great genius has revealed itself. The lad no sooner escapes from college than he is sent to a painter's studio. He is supplied with a handsome sum of money, and becomes very often the Loustic of the *atelier*; perhaps the most backward in the serious of his art, but clever as a caricaturist, and allowed to take any liberties as a practical joker.

"The Rapin is the servant of the *atelier*, something equivalent to a fag at a public school. A shabby dress is a necessary part of his definition. Most probably he has an immense bush of hair. He often becomes a clever artist, but no one knows him. His duties are to do all the work of the *atelier*; to run of errands, to set the model, &c. He often picks up a good deal of knowledge from the conversation of the students, and repeats it in a mysterious manner."

Such are some of the types found in a French *atelier* of painting—the *ateliers* of the descendants of the great master Louis David.

JOHN MARTIN.

If this remarkable English painter did not receive during his life all his due, it appears likely that now at last, when death has closed upon him, he will be granted the honours of renown and fame in full measure. But even during life John

Martin was admired and popular with a very extensive portion of the community. There was a grandeur, a magnificence about some of his paintings—his "Belshazzar's Feast," his "Crucifixion," and his "Pandemonium"—which struck the eye at once, and caused him to be appreciated. Vast conceptions in architecture have their weight in the eyes of the millions, and his were truly vast. His "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" is known everywhere. It has carried his reputation into all quarters, over the whole of continental Europe as well as this island.

And he is dead at last, having at length followed those great contemporaries of his, who divided with him public favour and applause. Those, who knew something of him in those days when his drawing-room was the place where men of all kinds, authors, artists, singers, and public favourites in every style, were wont to meet, regret his death much, though aware that for some time past he had been lost to art. It is the more to be regretted, because he has left several admirable pictures unfinished. This had been discovered for some time past, and had caused him to retire to the Isle of Man, where he died a few weeks back.

John Martin was born at Cayden Bridge, near Hexham, Northumberland, on the 19th of July, 1789, and having in his early youth shown a very marked liking for the limner's art, his parents determined on sending him to a coach-builder at Norwich, there to learn the glorious art of heraldic painting. But this did not suit Martin; it was not at all what he aimed at. His ambition was above this; and disgusted and irritated at the drudgery imposed upon him in the coach-builder's employment, he threw up his apprenticeship. He now received some instructions in drawing of a different kind from one Muss, father of a very well-known enamel-painter of the same name, which had been changed from Masso under the impression that to succeed one must have a thorough English name. With these riches, and no other, John Martin started for London in search of fortune.

There have been so many stories told of what poor artists and poor authors have suffered in the upward struggle for fame and competence—for they are never insane enough to dream of wealth—that the reader will not require any minute details on this subject. Whether he dined on a penny loaf, or added to that solid luxury an ounce of beef, or, like the Paris artists out of luck, walked the streets without a dinner, and talked of the fine joint he had dined on, are things we scarcely care to know. Suffice it to say, he steeled himself in the fiery cauldron of genius—poverty, and came from it energetic, vigorous, ready and able to do battle with the world.

He began to gain a living by painting on glass and china, by making water-colour drawings, and also by the thankless task of teaching. But this was the outward and positive life; there was the ideal life too going on. He had already determined in his own mind to be a great artist, and it was at this period that he painted pictures on towels instead of canvas, for want of the more artistic preparation. The long hours of the night, that should have been spent in sleep, were devoted to earnest study, and especially to a deep elaboration of the principles of architecture and perspective—two elements he has used admirably in all his productions.

At last, eager for the fray, he began the battle of life, and came boldly before the world. In the year 1810, having, like most men of any note or success in any walk demanding study and reflection, married early, he painted his oil picture of "Clytie" for the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year. It was, like the first picture of David, in whose life there are points of resemblance with Martin, rejected at first, and then at the opening of the following season accepted, tolerably well hung, and very highly appreciated by good judges. In 1812 his fancy and imagination, those great illuminators of his genius, were very forcibly shown in the production of "Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion." This was a genuine development of his peculiar characteristics. "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" was a very successful picture, and gained him the £100 medal of the British Institution. In 1819 he became more grand and sublime in his "Fall of Babylon,"

which was speedily followed by "Macbeth and the Witches." In 1821, however, the whole artistic world was dazzled by the appearance of that gorgeous production, "Belshazzar's Feast," which gained him the £200 prize of the British Institution. It was a glorious picture of a wondrous scene, of which Byron says:

"The king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall,
And thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival."

The background of enormous, vast, black architecture—on the left the luminous wall, played all over with a strange brilliancy—in the foreground the low tables sumptuously spread, with groups of men and women apparently just disturbed from the attitude of luxurious enjoyment, all with their eyes directed towards the blazing characters which Daniel is about to stand forward and interpret—his austere, prophet-like appearance presenting a striking contrast with the indolent and effeminate personages who encircle the festive board—all combine to form a grand conception, grandly rendered. His "Destruction of Herculaneum" was less successful. In "The Seventh Plague" he has concentrated all the horrors which afflicted the whole land; and a few groups of men and women, with misery-stricken countenances, may be supposed emblematical of the whole afflicted race. "The Paphian Bower" was not in his style; but "The Creation," in which nature, under the hand of God, seems to grow visibly before us out of the darkness, without form and void, is admirable. In 1826 appeared his well-known painting of "The Deluge." This picture, through the broken light of a tempestuous evening, presents us with the terrible aspect of the earth when the universal flood had just begun to rise. The inhabitants, vainly hoping that it was only an extraordinary inundation, are flying to seek refuge on lofty places. The aged and the sick, the frightened young girls and children, are carried up the rocks by the strong men. The painter here has discriminated philosophically between the various developments of the human character. Here we see heroic self-sacrifice, men hazarding their lives to protect the helpless, women clinging to their children and refusing to leave them, daughters seeking to drag their mothers up almost inaccessible precipices. On the other hand, the interest of self-preservation is illustrated by individuals who in this dreadful hour break all bonds of natural affection, forget all duties, forsake all friends, and fly alone, not caring who may perish, so that they may be saved. The wild and rugged landscape; the stormy and rolling waters, which already threaten the "fenced cities," as though the ocean had broken its bounds; the dark and beetling crags; the confused and terrified multitude, in which they who wear the apparel of princes and queens cling in abject terror to any who may be near them; the clouds rent at intervals by streaks of fire; the night which blackens over all—these elements of the sublime and picturesque are blended into a tableau of the most wonderful interest and power. On a distant mountain-top, the ark seems to rest like a promise of salvation and peace, with a flash of lightning passing harmlessly over it.

"The Fall of Nineveh" resembles in many of its characteristics "The Feast of Belshazzar." Its chief merit consists in the grand proportion of the architecture, and in the artistic disposition of broad and bold masses of light and shadow. The same may be said of "Pandemonium," in which there is a grand series of "blazing cressets" casting a bright glare on innumerable fierce and defiant countenances, upturned to listen to the words of the arch-deceiver and enemy of mankind. The architectural conception is here vast and mighty.

Martin subsequently illustrated Milton, receiving £2,000 for the drawings. He did the same for the Scriptures in a popular edition. He then for several years devoted himself assiduously to those engravings of his own pictures which have so materially added to his reputation. He was earnest and laborious, full of ingenuity and originality, applied new modes of varying the texture and perspective effects of large mezzotinto plates, and thus led the way to a marked and general improvement in this important branch of art.

But while thus at work, he was almost wholly forgotten as a painter, when he revived the memories of the world by his very able picture, of "The Coronation of Queen Victoria." His pictures had long hung neglected on his walls; and none but men of science, artists, and authors, went to see them. His long-standing quarrel with the Academy prevented his exhibiting. But now he had the inestimable honour and glory of painting dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies; his royal picture was talked of by the press; and prosperity came once more. It is always held in England an honour to be painted by an artist who has painted a lord; and as Martin in his "Coronation" had painted not only many lords, but a queen, he found the demand upon his time very great. And yet he did not grow rich. A large family, a position in society to be kept up, a precarious and uncertain income, are things which men with fixed salaries can scarcely comprehend. Poor Martin did, to his cost, and his life was one struggle from the early days of his poverty to the uneasy hours of his death in the Isle of Man. But there is a fact in connexion with his life which must never be forgotten. Nearly all the great schemes for giving London pure water, for a vast sewer to collect the refuse of that vast city, and for other great sanitary purposes, came from our ingenious artist. A writer, who appears more intimately acquainted than we are with his private history, says:—"Notwithstanding the extraordinary amount of industry spent on his pictures and engravings, nearly as much time, and the larger portion of his earnings, were expended on engineering plans for the improvement of London, such as the embankment of the Thames and the drainage of the town; also on the ventilation of mines, light-houses, and the improvement of our harbours. The money he actually expended on those useful and ingenious projects must have exceeded £10,000."

His mind retained its faculties to the very last. He had several very great paintings in hand, which we fear no one can finish for him. They are of the usual character—"The Judgment;" "The Days of Wrath;" and the "Plains of Heaven." Of late years, Martin had fallen into a habit, derived perhaps from Etty, of using one colour too freely; and in one case, a very fine landscape is so blue as to leave the mind in doubt where the earth ends or the cerulean sky begins.

Martin was simple in his habits, independent in his ideas, no worshipper of rank or wealth, and yet he was sought for and respected by the high in place, far more than any toady or parasite of power. His *soirées* were visited, not only by men of talent and reputation, but by ambassadors and princes; and there might sometimes be seen, amid a crowd of other celebrities, the genial countenance of Sir Walter Scott. Martin was much liked by literary men, and owed much of his early pre-eminence to the favourable criticism of the "London Weekly Review," edited by one of the St. Johns. And he died far away on a still little island of the deep, the Isle of Man, where for some time he had gone every year. Here, probably, he gathered fresh from nature many of his magnificent inspirations—his moonlights on the water, his bursting and golden sunlights, so powerfully used by him at times; here too he died, "and," says a local chronicler, "hallowed no doubt in their estimation will ever be the place of his sepulchre, where he will repose by the side of some of his departed relatives, in the cemetery on the hill, near the romantic churchyard of Kirk Braddan, one of the spots he admired so much, and loved to visit; and henceforth the deathless name of Martin, associated with that of our lonely isle—like the great Napoleon's, linked with St. Helena—will invest it with an interest and celebrity which will endure to the end of time; and we may truly predict, that strangers from all parts of Europe, landing on these shores, will, like pilgrims journeying to some far-famed distant shrine, visit the grave of Martin, and pay 'the sacred tribute of a tear' to the memory of immortal genius and sterling virtue."

Allowing for the enthusiasm of a friend and admirer, there is some truth doubtless in this; and it is pleasing, at all events, to think, that genius is remembered by man, when the spirit that vivified is gone, and the body slumbers in the grave.